

## PATRIOTISM.

BY J. E. M.

What! bust this glorious Union up?  
An' go to drawing triggers,  
Just for a thunderin' parcel of  
Emancipated niggers?  
The Eagle of Ammerocky,  
That flew across the seas,  
And throbbed the bloody British lion  
Ker slump upon his knees;  
Say—say shall we rent him from him to him,  
Wun wing wun way—wun tocher,  
And every sepperit pin-feather  
A flying at the other?

From the Miss Dennison's Pictures.

**POOR BETTY'S TROUBLES.**  
Betty has just left my room. She declares she must stay, even if I give her no wages. I was quite affected at her manner, and allusion to my kindness, and could not help weeping.

"Only give me your cast-off clothes, ma'am, and the victuals I eat, and let me stay. Please God, I will never leave you. An' how can I go from the babies? It would be tearing soul from body, sure."

I told her I could not take her on such terms, that she was able to get high wages and had better go to some good place.

"An where could I find one like this? Oh! mistress, don't let me leave you, and indeed I will work for you till I die—in deed I will, and if the gentleman gets rich again, you may give me wages. But, indeed, I can't leave you."

Her manners was so wild, and her grief so strange, that I suspected something more than common lurked under the apartment meaning; so I questioned her closely, and with many tears and lamentations she told her foolish story.

Poor Betty! while she poured out her sorrows, I felt forcibly that we are all of one kindred, the lowly and the proud, the rich and the poor. With many a sob and a tear, the poor creature, in her own simple and unaffected manner, narrated the most harrowing events of her young life—for Betty is not yet twenty-four—and in that manner, as nearly as I can, I shall record it.

"I came to Ameriky just four years ago, an' I was not so poor neither—There was a man sailed over in that great ship that was distressed, desolate creatures enough, God help 'em! but I had a good friend and a rich lady who took me to her work when I was little, and kept me wages for me—a real Cork lady, who treated her servants more like some folks do their own children, so when I got the notion in my head that I would come to Ameriky, she took me by myself and she talked to me like a Christian as she was, and told me that I had thirty poun' now, an' that were a great sum for a lone girl, so she would fix for my passage, and make me something I could hide my money in, and carry it tied about myself.

"I thanked her for that an' all the advice she give me, and when the time come, if I hadn't gone so far, I'd stayed with her still. Oh! why didn't I? Sure I'd been better off now.

"Though I was a steeage passenger, I had things fixed more comfortable than many of the poor creatures; but yet it was so close and unpleasant like down there that I always was most of the time on deck.

"Well there was a nice, tall comely-looking man, dressed in peacocks clothes, and that had eyes as blue as the heavens over us, (truly was they, ma'am) that took a good deal of notice of me the first few days, and we'd sit on the deck and watch the dark water turn white as the vessel went on so smooth an' swift; an' he'd tell me such sweet stories about his home, and a nice little black-eyed sister he'd left in Ireland, who looked the very image, he would say to me, of myself—an' that's why he said he liked me. Yes, he told me, at the very first, it was for her sake he liked me."

Poor Betty wiped a few tears from her face, as she murmured a few words, but continued:

"I never talked so much with any man before, especially with any that had the soft tongue like his; and when the other passengers laughed and called him my man, I'm sure I felt distressed; for I did like to listen to the very sound of his foot-steps as they came nigh me; I never thought for a moment that one who knew so much more than I did, and was so long years older than myself, would think me any different from what he did of that sweet sister in old Ireland.

"But my good mistress had made me promise not to say a single letter of the money I'd about me an' I hardly can think how I came to tell him of it now; but somehow he had the way with him to make me say every thing I knew, I felt so safe like by his side—I never dreamed of harm, indeed never did I.

"It may ha' been perhaps a week when the storm came on—a terrible storm, ma'am, that made the vessel shake like a crumb in the water, tooting it as if it went over, and the passengers was all sick and obliged to keep their beds, so that for a long time they wouldn't even hold their heads up.

"It was a distressin' time; for little children were taken and cried day and night, and many of the women swore so badly that I was afraid God would sink the ship. But most of 'em got well enough in time to crawl up to the deck. I was no longer sick than any of the rest.

"One day I laid in my birth just like a helpless baby, and there was about seven

or eight round me, some asleep and some looking like corpses with their eyes open. "I felt as if I never was going to see the blue sky and the water again, an' I was wonderin' where was Michael, when a dreadful feeling came over me, and a kind of a brimstone smell made me try hard for breath. It came worse, an' I grew fainter, until I waked up and saw Michael's blue eyes looking right into mine.

"Oh! ma'am, I can't tell you how happy I was then. I forgot that the sky was above and the waters shining all around me—I only saw Michael's eyes.

"He had saved me from death; for a box of brimstone in the steeage had caught fire from the pipe of one of our women, who left it burnin' and when the smell was noticed above Michael ran down into the steeage and snatched me up in his arms, and carried me safely to the air and sunlight.

"Three of the women were dead," continued Betty with a shudder, "before any body could get at them; and I was so weak I too could heve died soon if I hadn't got help. Sometimes I've wickedly wished I had.

"Well, after that, Michael got to be my idol; for I thought, hand't I ought to be kind to the man that saved my life?—And so, when he asked me one day to be his wife, I thought it was too much joy, and I said 'Yes,' and we went to the church soon as ever we sat feet in Ameriky.

"Michael got work and did well for a little; but I found soon that he wasn't over sober, and when it was the case he would drink, he was savage and threatened me, till at last I gave up every penny of my money. For all that didn't I love him as a true-hearted wife, sure?

"One day we was just going home from church, me an' Michael, an' Michael was dressed in a nice blue suit an' looked real gentleman; and for all thinking of his bad ways I was prouder of him than ever.

"We had come to the corner of a little square and was just turning, when we met a woman a little delicate woman, who could scarcely walk, so sick; and then she was dying.

I knew she must be dying; I knew it by her cheeks and her wild eyes. She stopped all at once as we went by her, and looked at Michael with a strange sort of look.

"He turned pale and tried to hurry past; and when we had passed the woman fell against the house, and Michael wouldn't let me go back to her, much as I felt for her.

"It wasn't a week after that, ma'am, added Betty much agitated, "that poor sick craythur came to my room in the house where I lived. She hadn't strength to move any further, so I took her in and made her rest on my bed. What do you think she told me? that she was his wife—married to old Ireland years ago!

"Oh! if God had taken me to Himself that day, as He did her, wouldn't I have been a happy woman? But He didn't. I lived till Michael came home, though I thought I shouldn't; and I pointed to his dead wife, and made him tell me the whole truth. And then I left him that night, though I loved him so dearly—left him without knowing where I was going, though it almost broke my heart; and I haven't seen him since—four years, come St. Patrick's day."

"Would you live with him if you should find him a better man, and yet single?" I asked curious to test her feelings.

"No, ma'am! He deceived me and killed one poor woman; how will I have faith in him again! But he was such a jewel of a handsome man!—you couldn't help liking him yourself if you once looked in his eyes, ma'am."

This speech was enough to provoke mirth, but tears stood upon poor Betty's round cheeks and I restrained my smiles. She again begged that I would keep her without wages, for she was happier there than she had ever been since; and I consented, telling her that the moment she wished for wages, or a place elsewhere, she was at perfect liberty to go.

Since Betty told me her little history, she has been more careful than before. I am convinced that she loves the children, and I can leave them with her and feel that she will not harm them, either by conversation or practice.

**NOVEL USE OF A KISS.**—A kiss ever since the days of Adam, has been a token of friendship; but alas! it has served a traitor's purpose in some cases, as may be seen by the following.

A gent not many miles from Shippensburg, returning from a sleigh-ride, on arriving at the paternal mansion of his lady, gave and received a kiss of friendship, as he supposed; but alas! the sequel will show how much he was mistaken, for the door having been closed he overheard the following conversation:

"Why, Lucy! are you ashamed to kiss a man out there alone with him? When I was a girl I wouldn't have done it for the world."

"No, mamma, I am not," answered Lucy, "for I only kissed him to tell by his breath if he had not been drinking."

The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

There was not a bushel of corn for sale in Charleston on the 21st ult.

## Exciting Incidents of the Revolution.

In 1780, when South Carolina was almost overrun by the British troops and American Tories, and the safety of Charleston was seriously menaced, Gov. Rutledge, who exercised as commander-in-chief dictatorial power, issued a proclamation calling on her citizens to rally to the defence of their metropolis. At this invocation thousands of her sons rushed to the rescue. But after a gallant resistance, want and starvation compelled a capitulation. Among the prisoners was Major Wigg, a distinguished patriot, who at various times during the struggle had served with gallantry and distinction in the cause of his country, both in South Carolina and the siege of Savannah, in Georgia. The prisoners were placed on their parole, and under the article of capitulation, while they abstained from any infraction of its terms, their property was from ill injury or confiscation.

About this time the celebrated execution of Major Andre took place, under the stern, and inflexible sense of justice of Washington. As soon as this melancholy event became known, Lord Rawdon, the British commander, determined to execute the first officer of his rank which the British made prisoner. Under the capitulation of Charleston, the gallant and unfortunate Hayne was a prisoner, and was the selected victim of retaliation. When brought out for execution, Major Wigg stood at the foot of his gallows, and indicated a grief he could not conceal, and an indignation he could not suppress. Poor Hayne met his fate with the heroism which marked the conduct of Andre. Major Wigg attended to receive his remains.—Hayne and himself, bosom friends had married sisters. Hayne's execution created a great sensation, not only in South Carolina, but throughout the continent—a young and beautiful widow in despair—a large circle of bereaved friends; and the glorious promise of one of the finest men South Carolina ever produced—snipped in the bud.

Immediately after this bloodthirsty execution, Gen. Greene openly announced that the first prisoner should, in retaliation, for the execution of Hayne, pay the forfeit of his life. No sooner was this announcement made, than Col. Balfour, who commanded the British forces then in the occupation of Charleston, ordered forty of the most distinguished citizens of South Carolina, then prisoners of war under parole, in close confinement on board of the prison ship sloop of war Pack House, and distinctly notified them that they were hostages, and that in the event of one of his majesty's subjects, or on the perpetration of any acts of barbarity towards the loyalists of South Carolina, they should swing. This produced a great excitement; nor was the deep sympathy felt for the prisoners in any degree diminished by the fact, that in reply to this threat, they addressed a letter to Gen. Greene, then commander in chief in South Carolina, earnestly soliciting him not for one instant to pause in executing a just act of retaliation for the murder of Hayne, as they were prepared to meet their fate, and only regretted that they could not render a more signal service in the cause of their country.

In the then state of public feeling in South Carolina, Col. Balfour, probably apprehending that the Pack House would be carried by a night attack and the prisoners rescued, ordered her round to New York. On her voyage, when off Cape Fear, the prisoners rose, and by an act of valor unsurpassed in naval annals, captured the Pack House, and carried her in to Beaufort, North Carolina, by which in regaining their liberty they terminated their character and services as hostages.

**Taken at his Offer.**  
A friend, says the editor of the Waterford Sentinel was taken at his offer a day or two since. He publishes the following:

"We shall insert no marriage notice unless accompanied by the sum of one dollar.—*Ex.*

"We will insert all such notices for a kiss of the bride.—*Waterford Sentinel.*

A few days after, a plump-looking colored girl entered his office, for the purpose of informing her friends, and the colored gentry generally, that she had taken to herself one Sambo, "for better or for wus." The editor replied that he should have to charge her twenty-five cents. She hesitated a moment, and then opening a paper, pointed to the article in question.—The editor blushed and the bride turned pale, but whether they kissed, deponent saith not.

**A St. Louis lady,** who not long since married a Mormon and emigrated to the Salt Lake City, writes that the Mormon city is "first rate place for a new settlement," and notwithstanding sickness in the family, and the loss of cows, she is comfortable and contented. About Brigham Young having so many wives, she says "the number twenty-five is right, and I can tell you he is the best man living. No man is allowed to have more than one except he can well look after them. Everything here, in the Salt Lake, is pure and holy. Thomas has no 'do's of any more wives. Every man can 'do as he likes about it."

The steamers Dr. Franklin and Bluff City burned at St. Louis on Thursday week. Loss \$100,000.

**Robbery and Forgery—A Curious Case.**  
---Arrest of Two Men on Suspicion.

Mr. Belden Resseque, of Van Buren, Onondaga County, N. Y., on Tuesday last, while in the act of getting upon the cars at Syracuse, had his pocket picked of a wallet containing a certificate of deposit for \$200, \$30 in money, and an Illinois State Bond for \$1,000. In less than twenty-four hours after the property was stolen, the bond was sold to the firm of Wadsworth & Sheldon, bankers, at No. 29 Wall-st., and two hours after the purchase money had been paid, they received information of the loss of Mr. Resseque, and measures were then taken by them to stop the payment of their check on the Metropolitan Bank, which check had been drawn up for \$750, and by request of the person who sold the bond, made payable to the order of T. L. Maganos & Co., who had an office at No. 4 Wall-st. The party who received the check, it seems, did not present it at the Bank for payment, but got it cashed by Joseph E. Earick & Co., Jewelers, at No. 13 Maiden lane, who deposited it in the Irving Bank, which bank subsequently sent it to the Metropolitan Bank, but it was returned, the payment of it having been stopped. Officer William H. Stephens, late of the Lower Police Court, was then applied to, for the purpose of ascertaining who the party was who had sold the bond to Wadsworth & Sheldon, and that indefatigable officer in a very short time ascertained that a German named Isaac Morris was the man who sold the bond and got the check cashed at the store of Joseph E. Earick & Co. Search was then made for Morris, and on Thursday he was arrested by Officer Woolley, of the First Ward Police, and upon being questioned relative to the matter, he stated that a man named Bernstein had given him the bond, to negotiate, and had also endorsed the name of Maganos upon the back of the check. Morris was taken before Justice Osborn and held to await examination, while Officer Woolley was dispatched to Albany with a warrant for the arrest of Bernstein, who Morris said had gone there. The officer, soon after his arrival, found the man and brought him to this City yesterday afternoon: He was taken before the magistrate and committed to prison to await an examination, which will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The charges against him are grand larceny, in stealing the bond, and in forging the name of Maganos & Co. upon the back of it. Morris states that he can bring incontestible proof of his being guileless of any evil intent on his part of the transaction.

**The whole story in a nut shell.**  
The Albany Knickerbocker, under the head of "Independence and Progress," tells the whole story of our nation's birth and greatness, and progress in the arts and sciences, in a remarkable short paragraph for a thesaurus comprehensive. The style is rather racy, but decidedly to the point:

"It is seventy-seven years ago to-day since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy-seven years have they been. Seventy-seven years ago the United States was a remote circumstance; they now compose the second commercial nation in the world. In three quarters of a century they have revolutionized the world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent. In less time than it took Mathiaselah to get out of swaddling clothes we have made more canals, lamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenues of the world could have paid for the day he got out of his time. In seventy-five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel—cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot-boxes and democracy. Since the fourth of July 1776, the whole world has been to school, and what is better, has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth made immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adoption to all the wants of the more aspiring nation has been made most significantly manifest. Under its harmonious working, a republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less time than it has taken some green house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans planted more telegraph posts, and owns more steamboats, than any nation that has ever lived or ever will. For all this, we again say, thank God, and praise Thomas Jefferson."

**Who shall be heir.**—A millionaire, in Paris, about dying, has intimated to the crowds of relatives who daily swarm around his bed, that he would select as his heir any one of them who choose to bind himself to accompany his body to the vault and remain there for six months. During this period he engaged that a sumptuous repast shall be provided daily in the chancel house, and at the end of twelve months he will settle 20,000 francs per annum on the survivor of his grave.

The opening of about forty miles of railroad from St. Louis toward the Pacific was celebrated, by an excursion from St. Louis on the 16th.

**Haunted Houses.**—Houses that keep a half dozen good looking servant girls. The spirits manifest their presence after midnight by certain unexplained raps on the kitchen door. To exorcise them, a dog near the area gate.

**The Island of Jamaica.**  
Mr. Wood our new Consul at Valparaiso, on his way thither touched at Jamaica. In a letter to a friend in Ohio he describes the condition into which the sudden and emancipation of the negro slaves in Jamaica has reduced that magnificent island. An act of misguided philanthropy has been the ruin of both whites and blacks, and the miserable race which it was designed to bless appear to be fast relapsing into a state of utter barbarism. The following is an extract from Mr. Wood's letter.

About 10 o'clock A. M., we came in sight of Jamaica. Mountains appeared, rising several thousand feet. On the nearest land we took on board a black pilot, ran close in with the shore about thirty miles to Port Royal, and entered the harbor of Kingston which, you know, is on the south side. We were close in with the land from the time we reached Jamaica until we entered the harbor. We saw many plantations, the buildings dilapidated, fields of sugar cane half-worked and apparently poor, and nothing but that which will grow without the labor of man appeared luxuriant and flourishing. The island itself is of great fertility one of the best of the Antilles; but all the large estates upon it are now fast going to ruin. In the harbor were not a dozen ships of all nations; no business was doing and every thing you heard spoken was in the language of complaint. Since the blacks have been liberated they have become indolent, insolent, degraded and dishonest. They are rude beastly set of vagabonds, lying naked about the streets, as filthy as the Hottentots and I believe worse.

On getting to the wharf the first thing, the blacks of both sexes, in great numbers perfectly naked, came swimming about the boat, and would dive for small pieces of coin that were thrown them by the passengers. These they would catch in the water or pick from the bottom. They never fail, though the water is twenty feet deep.

The harbor of Kingston is spacious and secure. The city is old and in ruin. On entering it the stranger is annoyed to death by the black beggars at every step, and you must often show them your pistols or an uplifted cane to rid yourself of their importunities.

## Thoughts on Death.

Who has not been deprived of a friend by death? Who has not seen the speaking eye—heard the love-thrilling voice for the last time? Pushed in death's cold slumber is the voice of a father, mother, brother, sister, or friend; yet the memory of such remain. Imprinted upon our heart's pure tablet is the face, form and deeds of the loved, yet departed one.

But where are those—the departed?—That's the query. Dwell they in the grave, or have they soared to the lands unknown to us, where happiness reigns supreme—a land of light and love, rendered thus by the visible appearance of God?

When darkness pervades our sight, when arrows rankle in our heart, when a loved one is torn from our bosom, and consigned to the damp, cold grave, we pray for their return, but should we?—Why wish them back to be sufferers,—mayhap victims to treachery or vice, on this sin-stained earth? Why wish them to be partakers of misery? Let them rest; wish them not back. We shall soon meet with them, soon, ay, very soon our dust will be mingled with theirs—our souls go where theirs have gone. We are being swiftly borne down the rapid stream of Time—We can almost see death's gate, so nigh have we approached the line, the boundary line that connects life with death. They have but passed through what awaits every one of us poor, dying mortals.—*N. York Mirror.*

**They have a stranger in jail up at Toledo** charged with passing counterfeit money. He was searched and there was found upon his person about \$100 in \$5 bills on the Unadilla Bank, Otsego county, New York. The bills were so perfect as to deceive the best judges, and even passed at the bank counter.

Counterfeits are becoming so skillful of late that it is doubtful whether their success will not soon drive the whole paper system out of use.

Taking into consideration the losses to community annually suffered from counterfeiting good paper, the issues of spurious and fraudulent bills, the depreciation of doubtful institutions, and the failures of others, after getting a circulation out, it can not be denied that the paper money system of the United States is a more onerous tax upon property and labor than is the entire revenue collections of the General Government! Does any one doubt this? But a moderate investigation will satisfy the civilian.

If it were made part of our political system that each individual suffering loss from any of these frauds, impositions or counterfeitis, should, on fair proof, be indemnified at our State or county treasury, how long would the people tolerate the cause of such an immense draft upon the public revenues? Yet, we suffer patiently, monthly and yearly, this immense levy upon our pockets, as if it were a part of our civil government, and an abuse of our rights which the genius of legislation could not rid us of!

We have a paper system in Ohio which really bears all the features of being conducted with direct regard for the success of counterfeiters! Look at the entire authorized circulation of the *State Bank* and *branches*, as that miserable abortion of finance is gracefully termed! "*Cheap and dirty*" is the main feature of every bill!

The engraving is execrable; the paper miserable. Both invite and encourage counterfeitis, as much as if the legislature had authorized the disgraceful character of both engraving and paper, for the express benefit of rogues! The source of the fault is somewhere, and a plundered people seem to have no redress. If the next legislature does not look to it vigilantly and redress it in a summary manner, by compelling a change of policy, or driving out of existence the fountain source of so much oppression of our people it will be recreant to right and duty.—*Cin. Eng.*

**How to avoid the Yellow Fever.**  
Doctor Hayes, of New Orleans, says the yellow fever in that city can be stopped in six days, if his rules are strictly complied with. He says the yellow fever is a process of acclimation, and by the scientific research he has found that the fever itself points out the mode of cure or prevention. The means of prevention he says are:

1st. To take no food for four days.—[The fever compels you to do so]. 2d. To remain still for seven days.—[The fever compels you to do so]. 3d. To take ten grains of quinine every morning.—[The fever compels you to do so]. 4th. To drink only river ice-water for four days.—[The fever compels you to do so]. 5th. To take only meat tea, no matter what kind, on the fifth day.—[The yellow fever rigorously requires the same]. 6th. To use only a little meat, meat tea or soup on the sixth day.—[The fever enjoins the same]. 7th. To use meat soup and bread.—[The fever enjoins the same]. On the eighth day the relaxation of the new inhabitant and the climate exactly balance, and no yellow fever can put a finger on him."

The last victim of the Montreal massacre was James Clendinning, aged 17, who died on the 20th ult.

At the Yale Alumni Meeting, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, of the class of 1797.

**INDIAN FIGHT.**—The Gazette, published at St. Mary, in Iowa, gives some additional particulars about the fight on the Plains, on the 24th July, which serve to determine the number of Indians actually killed. This information was brought to Maj. Gatewood, Indian Agent at Bellevue, by a band of Indians. The Ottos, Grand Pawnees, Iowas, Sacs and Pottawatomis, to the number of 1000, were out on a Buffalo hunt, when they were met by the Sioux and Cheyennes, 1200 in number, fifty miles beyond the Caw river. The former took eleven scalps of the Sioux, and are supposed to have killed many more, which were carried off the battle field. One Iowa was killed, two Ottos, ten Pawnees, and one Pottawatomis wounded. A great number were wounded on both sides. The bravest men of the tribes on the hunt, as well as among the Sioux and Cheyennes, were killed. A great many horses were either killed or wounded on both sides.

**SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.**—The San Joaquin Republican says: A capital story is told of two residents of Contra Costa county, one of whom, by the way is a relative of Zachary Taylor. The two gentlemen alluded to, went out to practice with their rifles. Taylor, who is a dead shot, offered to make a bet that he could hit a potato at forty paces, a la William Tell, the potato to be placed on the top of his friend's head. They took positions, and the rifleman carefully drew "a bead" on the potato. Just as he got the object spotted, his friend (who had his eye fixed upon his weapon) cried out, "not so low!"—"not quite so low!" At that moment crack went the rifle, the potato was cleft in twain. The target, however was right; the aim was a little too low, the bullet just grazing the head.

**Chambermaid.**—I heard you were married, ma'am.

Lady.—I do; have you any recommendation?

Maid.—Yes'm—the gentleman with whom I last lived said I was a great deal better housekeeper than his wife, and that I could act the "lady" nearly as well, and—

Lady.—But why did you leave that place?

Maid.—Because you see his wife—my mistress—got a little jealous, only because she saw her husband squeeze my hand and kiss me; that was the only reason I left my place.

Lady.—Miss, I have altered my mind. I will do my own chamber work.

## A friend who once attended negro preaching gives some amusing illustrations of the sermon.

For instance, speaking of the varieties of this world, the preacher said:

"Bruid' red and Sista's, you is all like de big grasshopper which hops off de ground, an' shows himself wid fluttern in de air, for a brief little while, all de time going cur-r-r-r; den getting out of bref, drops down out of sight in a jiffy, neber to seen no more. You hop up on dis great field of existence, flutter in de air a little while wid a considerable fuss, jus to let people know you is somebody, den drops down in de grave, neber to have nuffin more said about you."

This, though a homely yet almost excellent and happy illustration, and worthy of any preacher.

**A Good One.**—They tell a good story of Lorenzo Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his school, to the effect, that riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led from his eccentric appearance and manner to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their but was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. "Oh," said he, "that's my way; I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools I talk foolish."

The Mexican papers say they are satisfied the Supreme Government is apprised of the fact there exists in their midst an association of highwaymen who have committed and are still committing the greatest part of the robberies; that are constantly occurring. Robberies are committed in open daylight. So bold have the out-laws become, that recently they attacked a merchant in one of the most frequented streets of the capital, and in the presence of his dependents, compelled him, by intimidation, to hand over a considerable quantity of money.

A Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed he enquired where they should be stored.

"Leave them here, it won't rain this night," was the reply.

"But I dare not leave them so exposed; the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo.

The Mahomedan merchant laughed, as he replied:

"Doubt be alarmed my friend, there isn't a christian within fifty miles of us."